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DANDELION DOWN
===== AND =====
SMALL FLOWER POT



Class PZ 8

Book . D³ 162

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Dandelion Down
and
Small Flowerpot

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Far away over the rolling blue sea
Lies a dream-strange land for you and me.
But Dandelion Down and Small Flowerpot
Think our ways are strange and their ways are not.

How would you like to have for a name

'Dandelion Down' instead of Betty or Jane?

How would you like if you were a boy

'Small Flowerpot' instead of Thomas or Roy?

How would you like to sleep on the floor
On mats and rugs? And instead of a door
Made of wood, have screens that slide to and fro!
And walls of white paper! Would you like it so?

In Dandelion's garden there lived a goldfish.
His home was made in a big blue glass dish—
In the bottom were pebbles and a tiny green tree
Just like the ones growing under the sea.

Dandelion fed him bread crumbs and meat
As she sat in the garden upon her small feet
And sewed a seam with an endless long thread
That she cut from the spool when the seam was ended.

In the house next door there lived Small Flowerpot,
But he went to work every day in the town.
Though when he came home he climbed on the wall
And—"Dandelion Down," he would softly call.

One day she came running out with a smile.

“Come into the house and play for a while.

Mother gave me some tea and a secret as well.

Sit down—I’ll keep the secret till later to tell.”

She was dressed in a gown of purple and pink

With a sash and a bow as black as black ink.

In her hair were some buds from the crooked plum tree.

In her hands was a gold lacquered tray to make tea.



Tea Party

Two tea bowls, four chop-sticks, a mound of white rice,
And a pile of rice cookies so brown, crisp and nice
That Dandelion couldn't believe they were real
Until they were gone at the end of the meal!

Her hands were like sea-foam. She poured out the tea.

“This one is for you and this one for me.”

She always handed what he would next need—

The sweets or some rice cake or the pickled sea-weed.

“Tomorrow I don’t have to work at all
Helping Father sell fish in the stall,”
Said Flowerpot, drinking the last drop of tea.
“It’s festival time and I’m going to see.”

Dandelion Down clapped her little hands—"Oh,"

She said. "How I should love to go!

Let's ask Mother if I can go too.

She wont mind if I stay close by you."

So early next morning riding to town
Were Small Flowerpot and Dandelion Down.
But instead of going in a train or street-car,
They were pulled by a man in a jinrikisha!

Dandelion wanted to stop and get down
And look at the shops when they came to the town.
But Flowerpot said—"No! Not till bye and bye
Or we shall be late to the Matsuri."



Festival

'Matsuri' means 'festival' there.

And flags and banners were floating in the air.

At the end of the street was a tall red gate

That looked like a house. They had to wait.

There were so many people before the big door,
And from all the streets came more and more.
But when they were finally inside
It was like a park—shady and wide.

There were so many wonderful things to be seen
That Dandelion didn't know where to begin.
There were men who made pictures from colored sand,
And pigeons that ate right out of her hand.

They were very greedy and tried to eat
The flowers from her hair. To give them a treat
Flowerpot bought some corn and threw it around.
Then, they watched a dancer far off the ground



Cherry Blossoms

On a tight rope walking with a parasol
So far and high he looked like a doll,
Swaying and stepping up in the sky.
Flowerpot said he would like to try.

But that would not do for Dandelion Down,
She was quite contented safe on the ground.
“I’m hungry,” she said. “Let’s take our lunch box
And explore the garden behind those big rocks.”

Over a bridge like a little half-moon

And on down a path they walked until noon.

Then under a flowering cherry blossom tree

They opened their lunch and began to make tea.

They bought hot water from the tea-house man
And took it back in a shiny, black can
To their picnic place under the tree
And unpacked the rest of their lunch merrily.

How do you think you would like to eat
Meat cooked in sugar and, for a treat,
Funny candy that you had to pour
Out of a bottle! And many things more—

Such as pickled potato! And, of course, rice
And bamboo sprouts that they thought were quite nice.
No bread, no butter, no knife, fork or spoon,
For they ate with chop-sticks. It was all gone soon.

“What shall we do now?” asked Dandelion Down,

Carefully brushing the crumbs from her gown.

“Let’s find a man with sweet cakes to sell,

Then we will go find a little gazelle.”

For all through the park were small spotted deer,
Not shy and afraid as they are in parks here,
But friendly and tame. They hurried to run
When they saw the sweet cakes and they didn't leave one.



Park

They nibbled and sniffed with their soft velvet noses,
And curled out their tongues, like little pink roses,
For more. Then Flowerpot saw a fight
Between two boys who each had a kite,—

Sailing on strings far up in the air,—
One like a dragon and one like a bear.
Both had long tails of yellow and blue.
The boys tried to cut each other's strings in two.

For on each string were pieces of glass.
Each tried to make his own string pass
Over the other and set the kite free
So that it would fall and be lost in the sea.

Dandelion Down did not think that much fun.

“If my kite-string was cut,” she said, “I would run

As fast as the wind to where it would fall.

But then—I wouldn’t play such a silly game at all.”

The sun was just dipping into the sea
When they both began to wish that they had some tea.
“Let’s go back to my house,” said Dandelion Down.
“We can come back some other day to the town.”

A lantern was shining in front of the door.

They ran up the path but before

They were half way there the door opened wide.

They kicked off their shoes and scampered inside.

Dandelion's mother was waiting in there.

They bowed to each other with a great deal of care,

For even the children don't kiss their mothers

But bow to them just like they do to the others.

She gave them some food, then they sat on the floor
And played with cards. Then they all bowed some more
And Flowerpot ran back home to bed.
He had never had such a good time, he said.



Card Party

Dandelion Down untied her obi—

That is her sash—and then sleepily

She folded her kimono and unpinned her flowers,

And dropped off to dream of the Matsuri for hours.

Would you still like to live in such a strange way?

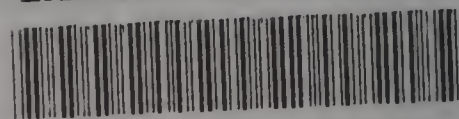
But yet, you know, I have heard people say

That Dandelion Down and Small Flowerpot

Think our ways are strange and their ways are not.

- No. 1. Tea-party Go-chiso
- No. 2. Festival Matsuri
- No. 3. Cherry-blossoms . . . O-Hanami
- No. 4. Park Ko-Yen
- No. 5. Card-party Karuta

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